

LASH LARUE

A Fawcett Publication

WESTERN

NOVEMBER

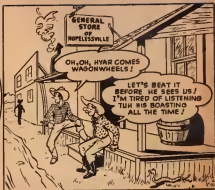
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NO. 2

IN THIS ISSUE:
**THE
PERFECT
HIDE-OUT!**

A color illustration of a man in a Western role. He is wearing a dark blue cowboy hat, a dark blue long-sleeved shirt, and a wide-brimmed belt with a large silver buckle. A lasso is draped over his right shoulder. He has a serious expression and is looking slightly to the left. The background is a solid yellow-orange color.A small illustration of a revolver, positioned at the bottom of the red box.

WAGONWHEELS





LASH LARUE WESTERN • Executive Editor WILL LIEBERSON • Editor M. SHULL

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President

66 99

Lash LARUE

and the
STONE MOUNTAIN ESCAPE!

Roving Marshal, Lash LaRue never knows where his next adventure will come from. He certainly didn't think that riding up Stone Mountain would bring him face to face with a band of stone-hearted outlaws whose sole aim seems to be bent on his destruction!

AT THE
STONE MOUNTAIN SILVER MINE---

I THINK WE CAN CALL IT A DAY!
YUH FELLOWS CAN HEAD BACK
FER TOWN. I'LL STAY AND
LOAD THE SILVER WE JUST
MINED ONTO
THE WAGON!

OKAY,
MR. BRILL! WE'LL
SEE YUH IN THE
MORNING!

THAR GO THE
MINERS NOW,
CRYSTAL!

AS SOON AS
THEY GET OUT OF
SIGHT, WE'LL TAKE
OVER THE SILVER.
TURGID, YUH AND
DEAD-SHOT GET
READY TO RIDE IN!

OKAY,
LET'S
GO!

OUTLAWS!
I'LL FIX
THEM!

DON'T LET HIM FIRE THAT GUN! THOSE MINERS CAN'T BE TOO FAR AWAY YET AND A SHOT WOULD BRING THEM ALL RUNNING BACK!



I RECKON WE DON'T HAVE TO FRET ABOUT HIS SHOOTING OFF THE GUN NOW!



TAKE HIM INSIDE THE MINE AND TAKE CARE OF HIM, DEAD-SHOT! WE DON'T WANT TO LEAVE ANYONE AROUND WHO CAN IDENTIFY US!



THE UNFORTUNATE BILL'S TEN GALLON HAT FLIES OFF HIS HEAD....

...AND IS CARRIED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN BY A GUST OF WIND!



BUT AT THE SAME TIME, RIDING ALONG THE BOTTOM OF STONE MOUNTAIN, IS NONE OTHER THAN THE ROVING MARSHAL, LASH LAUE!



AND COINCIDENCE PLAYS ANOTHER OF ITS UNBELIEVABLE TRICKS AS THE HAT PICKS A PLACE TO SETTLE!



THAT SOMBRERO IS MIGHTY BECOMING ON YOU, BLACK DIAMOND! BUT NEVERTHELESS, I THINK WE OUGHT TO RETURN IT TO ITS OWNER!

IT PROBABLY FELL FROM THE TOP OF STONE MOUNTAIN, LET'S GO, BOY!



AS LASH APPROACHES THE STONE MOUNTAIN SILVER MINE---

LOOK, BOSS! SOME-ONE'S RIDING UP WITH BRILL'S HAT!

(GULF!) I RECOGNIZE THE CRITTER! IT'S THE LAWMAN---LASH LARUE. IF HE STARTS ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT WHERE THE OWNER OF THE HAT IS, WE'RE DONE FER!

THEN I RECKON IT'S UP TO ME, TO MAKE SURE HE CAN'T ASK QUESTIONS! THOSE MINERS ARE FAR ENOUGH AWAY BY NOW TO RISK A SHOT!

CAUGHT OFF GUARD, THE UNSUSPECTING LASH MAKES AN EASY TARGET FOR THE OUTLAW, DEAD-SHOT!

THEY'VE GOT MY WHIP ARM, BUT I'VE GOT TO PRETEND THEY'VE KILLED ME! I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO FIGHT ALL SIX OF THEM WITH MY LEFT HAND AND IF THEY DIDN'T THINK I WAS ALREADY DEAD, THEY'D LOSE NO TIME FINISHING THE JOB!



LOOK! HIS HOSS IS RUNNING OFF TOWARD TOWN! YUH GOT TO STOP HIM! LARUE'S HOSS WILL BE RECOGNIZED IN TOWN AND THAT'LL BRING A WHOLE POSSE OUT LOOKING FER THE MARSHAL!

DON'T FRET, CRYSTAL! WE'LL STOP HIM! HIT YORE SADDLES, BOYS!

I'LL HIDE THIS BODY INSIDE THE MINE ALONG WITH THE OTHER!

WITH THE OTHER? THESE KILLERS MUST HAVE KILLED THE MINE OWNER!



THAT HE GOES AROUND THE
TURN! HURRY!

BUT THE CLEVER BLACK DIAMOND,
DASHES OFF THE TRAIL---

---AND, HIDING BEHIND A HUGE
BOULDER, WATCHES THE OUTLAWS
RIDE BY!

SPUR YORE HOSSES!
HE'S GAINING ON
US!

THEN, AS SOON AS THEY'RE OUT OF SIGHT, BLACK
DIAMOND HEADS BACK UP THE TRAIL, SENSING THAT
HIS MASTER IS IN TROUBLE!

MEANWHILE ---

I RECKON I MIGHT AS
WELL BURY THE TWO SO
IN CASE ANYONE DRIFTS BY
AFTER WE'RE GONE, THEY
WON'T FIND THE BODIES!

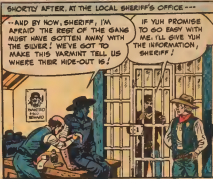
I THINK IT'S
TIME TO ACT!

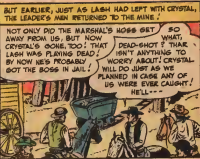
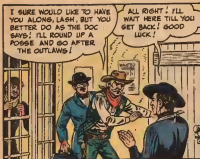


HUH?

SO YUH WERE PLAYING POSSUM!
WELL, I'LL TAKE CARE OF
YUH NOW!

NOT IF I CAN
HELP IT!







UGH! HE HITS
LIKE A MULE!

KEEP PUNCHING! HE CAN'T
FIGHT US ALL OFF!



AS LASH PUTS UP A VALIANT BATTLE AGAINST OVER-
WHELMING ODDS, MOST OF THE POSSE MANAGE TO
CLIMB OUT OF THE TRAP!

HURRY! LASH COULD
USE SOME HELP!

AFTER SAVING MY LIFE,
I'M ONLY TOO GLAD TO
GIVE HIM ALL THE HELP
I CAN!



AND SHORTLY ---

WELL, THAT DOES IT!
WE'VE GOT THEM ALL!

CONSIDERING WHAT YOU DID WITH YOUR ONE HAND, ALL
I CAN SAY IS THAT IT'S LUCKY FOR THESE HERE LOW-DOWN
COYOTES THAT YOUR OTHER HAND WAS OUT OF COMMISSION, LASH!



MOLASSES MOUTH



PUTS HIS FOOT INTO IT!



Lash LARUE



and THE SAGA OF SQUINTY!

SO THIS IS HEDGE CITY!
IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH, BUT
I WAS SENT DOWN TO KEEP AN EYE ON
A TROUBLE-MAKER, BIFF CALHOUN. HEY,
WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE?

I'LL LEARN YUH TO
BUMP INTO ME!

BUT I DIDN'T
EVEN SEE YUH---
OUCH!



WHY DON'T ONE OF YOU STOP
THAT FIGHT? THAT CRETHER'S
TOO BIG TO BE TANGLING
WITH THAT OLD MAN!

I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, STRANGER!
BUT NO ONE IN HIS RIGHT MIND
WOULD INTERFERE WITH BIFF
CALHOUN! THAT CERNERY COYOTE
WOULD JUST AS SOON SHOOT
YUH AS LOOK AT YUH!

IT CERTAINLY DIDN'T
TAKE ME LONG TO FIND
YOU, CALHOUN!

HUM?





LASH LARUE WESTERN

YOUR GOOD LOOKS! HA, HA! WHY YOU COULDN'T WIN A GOAT CONTEST! BUT TELL ME, WHY ARE YOU GOING AROUND FEEDING HORSES?

I'M FLAT BROKE, LASH, AND I FIGURED I COULD MAKE SOME MONEY THIS WAY!

WELL, I RECKON MY HORSE COULD STAND SOME FOOD! GO AHEAD OVER AND FEED HIM!

THANKS, LASH! I'LL PUT THE FEED BAG RIGHT ON HIM!

WHEN LASH SAID THAT SQUINTY COULDN'T SEE A FOOT IN FRONT OF HIM, THE BOVING MARSHAL WASHT KIDDING!

HEY! TAKE THIS FEED BAG OFF ME!

TRYING TO MAKE A FOOL OUTTA ME, HUH? WEL, I'LL SHOW YUH!

I'M WARNING YUH, CALHOUN--- START TROUBLE ONCE MORE AND I'M GOING TO HAVE YOU LOCKED UP!

WHO SAYS SO?

SNAP!

HE SAYS SO--- LASH LARUE, UNITED STATES MARSHAL!

A MARSHAL! I RECKON I BETTER ROB DRISCOLL'S SAFE AS FAST AS POSSIBLE NOW THAT I GOT THE COMBINATION, AND GIT OUTTA HYAR!

WITH YOUR BAD EYES, SQUINTY, YOU SHOULDN'T BE WORKING IN TOWN. YOU'RE UABLE TO BE RUN DOWN BY A STAGECOACH! HERE, LET ME HOLD YOUR HAND, WE'RE GOING SOMEWHERE.

LET GO OF MUH HAND!! JUMPING STRINGSBEANS! WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM? A BABY? I AIN'T THAT BLIND!

OOOH! DINGBURN IT ALL! WHAT DID THIS WALL COME FROM?

DID I HEAR YOU SAY SOMETHING, SQUINTY? IF I GET YOU THE JOB I HAVE IN MIND THE FIRST THING YOU'RE GOING TO DO WITH YOUR PAY IS BUY A PAIR OF EYE GLASSES!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE LAZY K RANCH---

IT SURE IS NICE OF YOU MR. DISCOLL TO GIVE MY FRIEND SQUINTY, A JOB ON YOUR RANCH!

IT'S A PLEASURE TO BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING FOR YUH, LASH!



I'LL RIDE BY LATER TO FIND OUT HOW SQUINTY'S MAKING OUT! SO LONG NOW!

HERE, SQUINTY! YUH CAN START PITCHING THIS HYAR HAY INTO THE BARN!



YES, SIR! I'LL GET RIGHT TO WORK! SEE!

OUCH!
YUH CRAZY FOOL!
I'M NOT THE STACK OF HAY!



I OPINE I'LL BE SAFER IF I PITCH THIS HYAR HAY MUMSELF. YUH GO OVER AND BRAND MUH NEW HOGGES! THE CORRAL'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARN! BUT MAKE SURE YUH STAY AWAY FROM MUH JACKASS! HE'S AN OBNERY CRITTER!

ER-ER-YES, SIR!



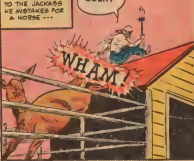
AFTER WALKING INTO TWO WALLS, TRIPPING OVER A COW AND FALLING INTO THE WELL, SQUINTY FINALLY FINDS THE CORRAL!

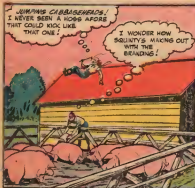
I RECKON I MIGHT AS WAL START BY BRANDING THIS HYAR PINTO HOSS!



BUT AS SQUINTY APPLIES THE BRANDING IRON TO THE JACKASS HE MISTAKES FOR A HORSE---

OUCH!

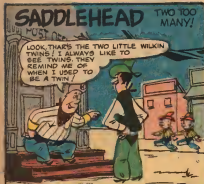




LASH LA RUE WESTERN







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IRIS & TAIN
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BROTHERS

By Clement Good



THE sheriff walked into the bunkhouse without knocking.

"Howdy, boys," he said.

An assortment of grunts and greetings came from the card players at the round table, friendly, but not demonstrative. The hands at the Dash W ranch liked the sheriff well enough, but they were concentrating on their game.

"I'm not aiming to bust up the game," continued the sheriff, "but I want to palaver with Andy a minute. Would you step outside with me, Andy?"

"What's Andy been up to, sheriff? Stealin' horses off a merry-go-round again?" asked one of the boys.

The others chuckled at this rather crude wit. It seemed especially funny to them because they all knew Andy. Andy was a thoroughly honest hombre who wouldn't steal even a chunk of mud.

"Deal me out," said Andy, and then, "What's up, sheriff?"

"It's private like," responded the lawman, waiting beside the door for Andy to precede him.

When they had stepped outside into the dark, the sheriff said, "Let's meander a few steps away from the bunkhouse, Andy. I don't want our confab to fuddle anybody in there that happens to be holding aces."

They were well away from the glow of yellow light cast through the bunkhouse window by the oil lamp when the sheriff jabbed his revolver square in Andy's back and said, "It's a gun, Andy. Take it easy and don't try anything foolish."

Andy stood, motionless, but asked, "What's the idea, sheriff?"

"I'm taking your gun, Andy," replied the lawman, slipping Andy's big six-shooter from its holster.

"What's the charge, sheriff?"

"No charge," was the response. "So far as I know you've never been guilty of breaking the law and you're not guilty now. I just took

your gun to keep you from doing anything foolish."

"Like what?" asked Andy. Neither man had raised his voice. They might have been standing in the dark outside the bunkhouse discussing the weather, if tone of voice meant anything. Yet there seemed to be electricity in the air.

"I've been living for more than 50 years," declared the sheriff, "and one of the reasons I've lived so long is that I've been studying human nature. I can read a lot in a man's face, in his actions, in his words. I know a lot about you, Andy. You're brave, honest and strong. You're not easily riled. But there's one thing that'll really get your dander up. That's if anybody says anything against your brother, Bud."

"Bud! What's happened to Bud?" For the first time there was tension in Andy's voice.

"Nothing's happened to him yet," was the sheriff's answer. "But I intend to make something happen to him. You won't like what I've got to say and you'll likely be fighting mad and ready to kill me for it, but I've got to say it."

"Go on."

"Your brother, Bud, is a murderer."

Andy turned, slowly, and faced the sheriff. There was a tense moment before he spoke. His hands clasped and unclasped at his side.

"You did right, sheriff," he said, at last. "You did right to take my gun away from me. You did right to talk this thing up first, without coming right out with it. I sure might've done something foolish to you for saying a thing like that. It's not so. Whoever said so is a liar. Bud is a wild colt, sure enough, but he's not a murderer."

"I know how you feel, Andy." The sheriff's tone was soft, soothing almost. "But two witnesses saw him. Swear they saw him shoot down the cashier in cold blood."

"**T**HEY lie!" asserted Andy, fiercely.

"Now you've always been on the side of law and order, Andy," continued the sheriff.

"We can't find your brother; haven't been able to so far, leastwise. Of course, there's a posse out looking for him. A regular posse and a bunch of vigilantes that are liable to shoot first and ask questions afterwards. But I figured we could find him quicker if you'd lead us to him. You, being on the side of law and order, wouldn't want even your brother to get away, being that he's a murderer. So I came to ask for your help."

"Help!" snorted Andy. "You want me to help put a noose around my own brother's neck? And me knowing he's not a murderer? Yes, I'll help. Here's how I'll help you, Sheriff!"

Ignoring the sheriff's drawn gun he jumped past the lawman, ducked behind a shed, then sped to his horse. He mounted, and was off in the night, off to seek out his young brother, Bud, "a wild colt, sure enough."

The sheriff held his fire. "Can't shoot him. He didn't do anything," he told himself. "And he sure got the jump on me. No use to chase him now." He mounted his horse, and rode back to town.

THERE he described his mission and its results to Bart Wander, the town boss.

"Sheriff, you were a fool!" thundered Bart. "You'll lose your star for this. You said Andy would find his no-good brother, Bud, for us. And instead you let him slip you and take off. Well, now we'll have to catch them both and string them up. To my mind, this makes Andy just as guilty as Bud is."

"Just as guilty," agreed the sheriff.

"Well, I'm glad you agree," said Bart. "Maybe you could redeem yourself by catching them. Why aren't you riding with one of the posses?"

"Plenty of young men in the posses," said the sheriff. "Besides, I've got a job to do. I've got to see that nothing drastic happens to those two eyewitnesses."

It was a little later that he took the two witnesses into "protective custody." He had them in his office in the jail building. They were two furtive men, uneasy.

"Wouldn't want anything to happen to you boys," said the sheriff. "You're important witnesses. You're the only two that can testify against Bud. If you were both to die, sudden like, where would we be?"

"Die?" One of the men repeated the word, half-choking on it.

"Well," said the sheriff, "there's Bud's brother, Andy. Andy is an honest man, but mighty nasty when riled. He doesn't think Bud is guilty. And if Bud got hung, and Andy found out he really wasn't guilty, well, I'd sure hate to think what he'd do to the witnesses. You know Andy?"

The two men were silent, breathing hard. Then one blurted, "Sheriff, you gotta protect us!"

"Well, I'll try," said the lawman. "But you know Andy. Stone walls can't stop him when he's determined. Why, I had a gun on him and he was unarmed, but he got away just the same. He..."

"No, no," blurted the other witness. "Not from Andy. You protect us from Bart Wander. Because we're gonna tell you the truth. Bart killed that cashier. He had a row with him and he did it. We saw him. But he bribed us and scared us. He knew Bud had been around town and he said if we blamed it on Bud, a posse would get him and then there'd be no more fuss about it. He said everybody knows Bud is a wild colt and they wouldn't put it past him to shoot the cashier. But Bart really did it."

The other witness nodded assent.

"You boys did right to tell the truth," the sheriff asserted. "Bart won't hurt you. He'll hang."

THE sheriff sat on the edge of a bunk in the Dash W bunkhouse. Across from him were Andy and Bud, side by side.

"I'm sorry I had to give you the slip, sheriff," said Andy, "but if the same thing happened I'd do it again."

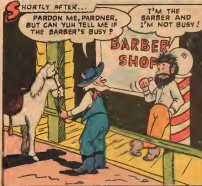
"I know you would," said the sheriff. "I figured you would. I'm a keen judge of human nature. I figured also that you'd ride out and tell Bud to lie low so that trigger-happy-gang of vigilantes wouldn't plug him or string him up. But being a lawman I couldn't come right out and tell you to warn him, not with two witnesses swearing he was a murderer and me with only my judgment of human nature to tell me he wasn't. So I just did the best thing I could under the circumstances."

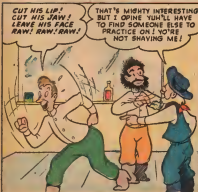
"Sheriff, you are a prime judge of human nature," declared Andy, warmly.

"Andy, you sure are a prime handy brother to have!" declared the sheriff. Bud was silent. He tried to speak, but there was a lump in his throat.

THE END

DUSTY IN THE CLOSE SHAVE









Lash LARUE

and

The

PERFECT HIDE-OUT



You've heard the expression, "THEY VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!" It turns out to be more than just an expression when **LASH LARUE** tries to find an infamous band of robbers with **The PERFECT HIDE-OUT!**

LASH LARUE, THE INDOMITABLE ROVING MARSHAL, HAS MADE CAMP ON A SMALL PLATEAU WHEN AN OLD FRIEND RIDES INTO VIEW!

DICK PAYSON! IMAGINE RUNNING INTO YOU IN THESE FORLORN GLACIER HILLS!

RUN INTO ME NOTHING, LASH! I'VE BIN SEARCHING FER YUH FER OVER A WEEK!



WHY, WHAT'S UP?

WELL, THE FOLKS BACK IN ULSTER GULCH ELECTED ME SHERIFF, BUT THAR'S ONE GANG OF VARMINTS THAT'S MAKING IT TOUGH FER ME TO HOLD MUH JOB — NED CLEERY'S MOB!



NED CLEERY! SO HE'S BACK IN THESE PARTS AGAIN! HE'S A TOUGH AND SHREWD CUSTOMER!

I KNOW CLEERY'S RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THE ROBBERIES THAT HAVE BEEN TAKING PLACE LATELY, BUT I CAN NEVER CATCH HIM WITH THE GOODS! I WIZ HOPING YUH COULD HELP ME GIT SOME PROOF AGAINST HIM AND HIS MOB!

AS ROVING MARSHAL, IT'S MY JOB TO HELP! LET'S HEAD BACK FOR ULSTER GULCH!

I HAVEN'T SEEN NIDE NOR HAIR OF CLEERY'S GANG IN THE LAST WEEK! I'M AFERAED WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A TOUGH TIME FINDING THEM, LET ALONE PROVING THEY'RE CROOKS!

WHILE LASH AND THE SHERIFF ARE RIDING THE HILL TRAIL, CLEERY AND HIS GANG ARE PREPARING TO AMBUSH A STAGE!

LOOK, CLEERY! THAR COMES THE STAGECOACH NOW!

GIT YORE SHOOTING IRONS READY, AND LET'S GO!

GULP! IT'S THE CLEERY GANG! IF I TRY TO RIDE ON, HE SURE ENUF WILL PUT A BULLET THROUGH MUM BACK! WHOA! WHOA!

COME DOWN WITH YORE HANDS HIGH IN THE AIR! MUM BOYS WILL TAKE CARE OF PICKING UP WHATEVER VALUABLES YO'RE CARRYING!

MINUTES LATER...

OKAY, CLEERY! WE GOT THE LOOT!

AIN'T NO SENSE LEAVING THE DRIVER ALIVE! I'LL JUST PUT A BULLET BETWEEN THE COYOTE'S EARS!

AT THE SAME INSTANT CLEERY RAISES HIS GUN TO SHOOT....

DICK, LOOK! THERE'S CLEERY AND HIS GANG NOW!

THE VARMINT! HE'S GOING TO SHOOT THAT POOR STAGE-COACH DRIVER!

LIKE A THUNDERBOLT, A WHIP LASHES OUT BEFORE CLEERY CAN SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER!

GREAT GOING, LASH! YUH SAVED THE DRIVER'S LIFE!

GULP! IT'S LASH LARUE! LET'S VAMOOSE! I AIN'T AIMING TO TANGLE UP WITH THAT HOMBRE!

SNAP!

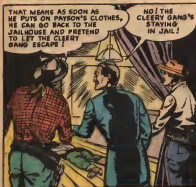
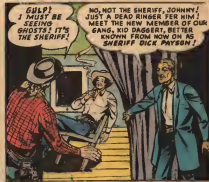


PULLING BACK ON HIS WHIP, LASH FLINGS CLEERY AROUND IN AN ARC, UNSEATING THE RIDERS BEHIND HIM!



I'M SORRY TO SEE YUN GO, LASH, BUT THANKS AGIN! WITHOUT YORE HELP, I'D NEVER HAVE CLEANED UP THIS MESS SO QUICK-LIKE!





M IDNIGHT AT THE ULSTER GULCH JAILHOUSE.....

---AND WITH DAGBERT ACTING AS SHERIFF, HE CAN LET YUH GUYS OUT TO PULL A ROBBERY WHENEVER THE COAST'S CLEAR! AS SOON AS YUH FINISH THE JOB, YUH RETURN TO YORE CELLS! WHAT BETTER PLACE IS THAR TO HIDE OUT? NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT LOCKED UP PRISONERS OF PULLING ROBBERIES!

THIS IS THE BEST PLAN YET!

AND JUST TO KEEP THE LOCAL CITIZENS FROM GITTING RILED UP AGINST THE NEW SHERIFF, CLEERY, I DON'T WANT YUN TO PULL ANY ROBBERIES IN THIS HYAR TOWN!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, LANKY! CACTUS JUNCTION ISN'T FAR FROM HYAR AND IT'S A RICH TOWN! SEE YUN LATER, BOSS!

A FEW DAYS LATER IN CACTUS JUNCTION.....

I KNOW THAR'S BIN THREE ROBBERIES THREE NIGHTS IN SUCCESSION IN TOWN, BUT I TELL YUH I CAN'T FIND A TRACE OF THE DIRTY SNAKES WHO ARE PULLING THE JOBS!

WAL, YUH GOT TO DO SOMETHING AFORE EVERYONE OF US IS CLEANS'D OUT, SHERIFF BARTON!

I HAVE DONE SOMETHING! I'VE SENT FER THE ROVING MARSHAL, LASH LARUE! HE'LL GIT THE CRITTERS!

T HE NEXT NIGHT, OUT OF A THUNDERSTORM, LASH RIDES INTO CACTUS JUNCTION!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, SHERIFF BARTON?

LASH LARUE! YUH ARRIVED JUST IN TIME! I JUST SPOTTED THOSE VARMINTS AS THEY WERE COMING OUT OF THE BANK! I RECKON THEY'RE THE SAME GANG THAT'S BIN ROBBING US ALL WEEK!

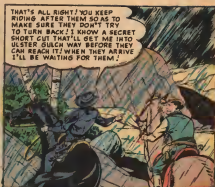
BANG!

BANG!

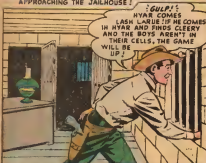
THEY'RE OUT OF GUN RANGE! MOUNT YOUR HORSE AND LET'S GET AFTER THEM!

RIGHT, LASH!

LASH LARUE WESTERN



SHORTLY AFTER IN THE NEIGHBORING TOWN OF ULSTER GULCH, THE MASQUERADING SHERIFF SPIES LASH APPROACHING THE JAILHOUSE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE CLEERY MOB RETURNS TO THE ULSTER GULCH JAILHOUSE!

THAT CACTUS JUNCTION SHERIFF AND LASH LARUE ARE PROBABLY STILL CHASING AFTER US!

YEA, THEY'LL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING IN HYAR TO FIND US! QUICK, GIT INTO YORE CELLS!



A T THE SAME TIME

HOT A TRACE OF THEM! IT LOOKS AS IF THEY'VE GIVEN US THE SLIP! I RECKON WE MIGHT AS WELL TURN BACK!

GIVE ME TIME TO LIGHT UP! I'M SURE GLAD IT STOPPED RAINING!



THAT'S FUNNY! DICK PAYSON NEVER SMOKED BEFORE! I WONDER ---

SAY, HOW ABOUT OFFERING ME ONE? YOU KNOW I'VE ALWAYS TOLD YOU THAT YOUR BRAND OF CIGARETTES IS MY FAVORITE! DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

OF COURSE, I REMEMBER! HERE, HELP YOURSELF!

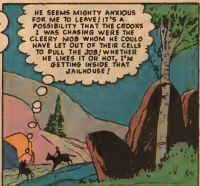
THIS PROVES IT! THIS ISN'T THE REAL DICK PAYSON OR HE'D KNOW I NEVER SMOKE! THERE'S SOMETHING PHONY GOING ON, BUT I'D BETTER PLAY ALONG UNTIL I GET A CHANCE TO FIND OUT EXACTLY WHAT IT IS!



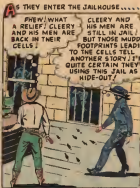
I RECKON WE MIGHT AS WELL HEAD BACK FOR YOUR JAILHOUSE! WE CAN DRY OUR CLOTHES AROUND THE COAL STOVE!

DON'T YUH THINK THAT WOULD WASTE A LOT OF TIME FER YUH? I OPINE YUH OUGHT TO RUSH RIGHT BACK TO CACTUS JUNCTION! MAYBE THE SHERIFF FOUND OUT SOMETHING MORE 'BOUT THE CRITTERS YO'RE LOOKING FER!

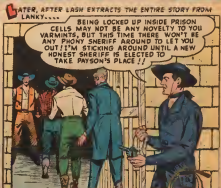
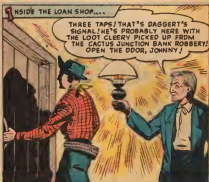
HE SEEMS MIGHTY ANXIOUS FOR ME TO LEAVE! IT'S A POSSIBILITY THAT THE CROOKS I WAS CHASING WERE THE CLEERY MOB WHOM HE COULD HAVE LET OUT OF THEIR CELLS TO PULL THE JOB! WHETHER HE LIKES IT OR NOT, I'M GETTING INSIDE THAT JAILHOUSE!



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